



Watching the End of the World



nuclear

war

space

39 1 4

Chapter 1 by Sub-Reality

I had trained for years to be an astronaut. I was to spend a year on the international space station. I had only been on-board for a week and a half when it happened.

We didn't know why. All we got was one weak transmission from NASA.

"There isn't much time...A nuclear warhead has struck Washington and other major capitals all over the world. We've already got word that more are on their way. We have already retaliated, we're firing back with all we've got. Our allies have already begun arming their warheads. This may be it for us. This may be it for all of us...Good luck to all of-"

It cut out. We watched through the windows in disbelief as tiny lights of all different sizes dotted all visible landmasses on Earth.

We have no idea who was to blame...if anyone was left to blame. We may be the only survivors of the nuclear apocalypse...and we were stranded in space with front row seats to end of the world.

Chapter 2 by Hunter Strickland

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I'm trying to process what I'm seeing. The Earth's surface is now shimmering in reds and golds, like the center of a hot pie. Columns of smoke are rising. Sometimes we see patches of small, densely packed lights. The lights of cities perhaps.

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In space the silence and the stillness are stifling. Stars twinkle lazily in the inky black. Down below, the planet is in chaos, but up here everything is quiet. Timeless. I think about all of the instances since the Big Bang that a star has gone supernova, or a black hole has imploded. How the universe must quake from the enormity of that power. And yet time ticks by, the planets keep spinning, and the stars hang wordless and languid, passively observing all things. Here is my world, the only home that I've ever known, dying. Slowly smoldering to a blackened husk, and not even the faintest shudder can be felt in the heavens.

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